

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

RICHARD JACOBS,

JUNE 1.

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EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates, to wit: For every seven lines or less, fifty cents; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents, payable in advance, or upon first insertion.

Long advertisements, every seven lines or less, will be inserted as follows:

Three months \$3 00
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Respecting candidates for office, five dollars, to be paid in advance.

Persons on business with the office, to ensure the promptness of their communications, must be post paid or free.

Letters may be sent by mail at our risk, if a postmark is first taken from the postmaster.

Work must be paid for on delivery.

The Dark Eyed Maid.

BY MISS LORENZA HAYNES.

As the ocean came a pilgrim's bark,
The seeds of life and death. The
were sown for you, the latter sprung
the path of the simple native."

lowly valley where the flourishing vil-
W—, now stands, in 16— was
by a circle of cone-topped wig-
before one of which, at the close of
afternoon, set a son of the forest,

girdle of scalps and hieroglyphic
told that he was a warrior and a chief
of honor. His sinewy arm held forth
of beads, while his piercing eye
into those of a young female who
sprang forward on seeing the ban-

ness of the gayest feathers interwoven
rings of colored bark, partly covering
straight form, the moccasins taste-
tongued with beads and shells, that
her little feet, and her long black
wild luxuriant falling about her
shoulders, rendered her appear-
extremely picturesque. Grasping the
with a laugh of joy and twining
her hair, she bounded away like a
to join her companions.

hill side near by, stood a well-form-
youth, in the garb of a hunt-
man on his gun. Through an open
the trees had been an unseen witness
had passed, and as he gazed after
seemed like a bird escaped from
se, he shouldered his rifle, and with
wearied step approached the
where the chief still sat, who seeing
sleek—

Hence comes the pale face—what
of the red man?"

and rest," replied the other—"three
ago I left Shawmut with a hunting
partridge in search of game I separated
and being unable to find them or my
of the forest, I have since wander-
out, and was contemplating another
in the woods, when through the trees
the smoke of your cabin, I am ill;

in it, and here is money," and he,
offering a handful of silver.

The chief of a great people will not take
the wigwam is open to the hungry, if
not a white face that would rob him
game—enter."

Parents of William Raymond came
England with the hope of retrieving a
name. By their indulgence he at an
age had mingled with those citizens of
that demanded but gold for a recom-
pense. He had learnt their vices, and
ought to this country an unprincipled
mannered with a handsome face and
manners.

He soon seated on a mat in the rough
of the Indians, who recalled his
to tend on him. When William
regular features, snow white teeth,
cheeks, eyes of such dazzling bright-
to defy a knowledge of their true
he thanked Fate for placing him in
of the forest flower. With his us-

country he arose at her entrance, when
said—

the daughter of the Great Chief,
of the squaw, the idol of warriors,
her the Violet Eye. Fifteen times
the flowers have come back since
Great Spirit gave her to me," turning
"bring venison and corn for the
people."

At that time and William joined the games
of the Indians; by his daring courage, fleet-
ness, and skill with the rifle, which
he shot, the chief, he soon became a
with them. For the maiden, whose
heart knew no wrong, he gathered
to deck her hair, the brightest
of her dress, placed his rings on
fingers, and tied his bright handkerchief

around her neck. She in return, prepared
him food, wove him moccasins, and smooth-
ed the long fair curls from his brow, while
he would talk to her love; and she, innocent
one, believed him when he said the rose
and lily should never be separated.

Together they roved through the wild
woods and by the pleasant streams; often
when gliding over its clear waters, the golden
moon and myriads of brilliant stars their
only companions, he would enchant her
mind with stories of his own race; tell her
of the white maiden's beauty; and vow before
the Great Spirit that none equalled her, none
other could he ever love. The simple child
of Nature listened, enraptured with his every
word, so sweet to her ear, so poisonous to
her soul.

No cloud obscured the heart of Violet
Eye; but whose presence made it sunshine;
soon tired, and under pretence of procuring
ornaments for her and the chief, urging his
departure, promising soon to return. She
doubted not his sincerity when he pressed
her to his heart and kissed away the tears
that moistened her cheek.

Many moons passed, and Violet Eye look-
ed in vain for him she loved. Her heart
saddened; she no longer cheered the young
warriors in their sports, her ornaments were
thrown aside, save such as had been his
gifts. The path they had trodden when his
arm permitted not the slightest bush to touch
her roughly, were now her favorite haunts.
By the stream on whose waves an hour at
even had been sweeter than ages of the tel-
tail day, she would now often pass the
night. She found companionship but with
the "pale, cold moon," that like her heart
seemed sick with reflections of a brighter
past.

The chief saw the change wrought by
the white man's treachery, and swore re-
venge on his race. Soon after he met with
one whose sword crossed the tomahawk,
and sent his spirit to the happy hunting
grounds, Violet Eye saw the red blood
over him, and broken hearted strew the spot
with flowers. A little time, and she, too,
was gone from amidst her people. They
mourned, but could not bring her back.

William Raymond, on returning to his
friends, who supposed him at a neighboring
settlement, no longer loved his forest bride,
and never referred to her but to boast of his
conquest.

Five years had passed, and the axe had
fell the trees far back into the country; their
places were occupied by pleasant hamlets
and cultivated patches. Where had echoed
the savage yell and shrill scream of the
wild bird, now rose tones of praise and
prayers. Much was changed, even the
heart of William Raymond, as now for the
first time, he really loved, and sued earnestly
for the hand of a beautiful woman. "Twas
promised; the nuptial day arrived, and friends
assembled in the village church. He gazed
with delight on his lovely companion, who
blushed and smiled at his extravagant praise
of her beauty. As they approached the
rough altar, an Indian maid appeared before
them fixed her dark eyes on the female, in
a warning voice she said to her—

"Wed him not! or you are cursed. On
his soul lies the crime of a broken heart,"
and turning to him added "William Ray-
mond, the Violet Eye will be upon you; we
meet again," and like a mysterious spirit
she glided from the church.

Treating the occurrence as a maniac's in-
struction, the ceremony was performed, but
those tones of threatening evil long rang in
the ears of the wedded pair.

Nearly two years and the bright rays of
hope had dispelled the fearful cloud that had
dimmed the bridal day. The savage inhabi-
tants finding their game dispersed, and them-
selves driven from their early homes, and
the graves of their fathers ever & anon gave
evidence of a spirit panting for revenge.

At the close of battle when many hundreds
of the Indian race were slain, one stood vic-
torious. On the "blood stained snow," by
William Raymond, wounded with a poison-
ous arrow; by his side was the graceful form
he once caressed, and the same voice that
spoke at the bridal altar now broke upon the
ear of the dying man.

"William Raymond, when faint and
weary, a dark maid of the forest nursed
you; by the white man's art you won her
love. Your lying heart deceived—she was
no more happy; the trees and flowers look-
ed angry. Ashamed before her people, she
left them to the Great Spirit bidding—revenge
her wrongs. She warned the white flower,
that you nestled in your treacherous bosom.
Her eyes followed you—her heart sought
revenge and has found it. 'Twas the hand
of the Violet Eye that poisoned the arrow
and sent it to your breast. She has brought
a charm—can make you well."

Grasping at the shadow of restoration, he
vowed to become her slave and think of none
other if she would apply it. He called her

back to the happy days, and spoke of future
ones as he half raised himself to take her
hand, and sunk back almost exhausted. She
bent over him till their lips nearly met—
And the "old time came o'er her" and her
woman's heart relented! Not raising her-
self to her full height, with a laugh of tri-
umph, and a heart unmoved, she replied:

"You cannot raise to it. You shall
die! and your scalp hang at the red man's
belt." Snatching a dirk from his side, she
continued—When the Great Spirit passes
you cloud you must die. Think of the
white wife that wishes for you, look on the
dark one by your side. See! 'tis time!"
And with that hand.

"So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate,"
She pierced it to his heart, and with the
warm blood dripping from the polished
steel, planted it in her own.

"If we do not watch the heart—
There never yet was human power,
Which could evade, if forgiven,
The search and vigil long—
Of one who treasures up a wrong."

DYING FOR LOVE.

It is getting to be very common nowadays
for a young gentleman to die of love! But
boys, this is shocking bad business. Dying
for love may be poetical, romantic, sublime
and immortalizing; but it is usually inconve-
nient, and always unnecessary. Nor does
it exhibit so rare and heroic a courage to draw
a razor across one's jugular, or to drown one's
woes in a mill-pond, as to grin without
flinching, all the while that the arrows of
Cupid are sticking deep and fast in your
heart. We acknowledge there is something
noble in a man's striking, not for a half way,
mealy-mouthed passion, but for the being,
wheeling, glorious, ecstatic delight of true
love, and not a peg less. We know, too, it
strains one very much, to wait a heap of
cold beauty, a morsel of stony perfection,
for which the spirit burns. But what, in
the name of panacea, should induce a man
to die for one who cares not a rush for him.
There may be a thousand other sweet and pretty
creatures in the world, quite as bewitching
and far more feeling and pure-hearted, any
one of whom is not only worthy of, but will
return with compound interest all the affec-
tion and tenderness that he can bestow upon
them. A word, a look, a tone of the voice,
one pressure of the hand—a simple good
night, a parting "God bless you," from him,
may, in a predestined moment, be to some
one of them like the spark that falls on the
nitrous heap, followed by instantaneous igni-
tion. But suppose that a man has fixed his affec-
tions on a girl who is far above him in rank
or fortune, or in both. What then? Must
he therefore have on a black cap, gird him-
self in sackcloth, and put him-self upon the
melancholy stool, with a full determination
to be wretched! A child may long to catch
a star as he does a butterfly, to turn the moon
round as he is accustomed to turn his hoop,
or to bring down an eagle by tossing salt on
its tail, but his failure would hardly be the
death of him. But let us imagine a more
heart-rending case—the poor Pilgride sighs
like a furnace for an equal, and that she has
a stronger yearning for another. Neither
has this calamity any thing absolutely kill-
ing in it. Why, hang it, man, there may be
other girls who have more discernment—ever-
lastingly devoted and nice creatures, too, who
would sit all day with their hands resting on
their hands, to muse on your perfections,
and dream of you all night, and fall into an
interesting swoon whenever you said "fare-
well." We have no notion of dying to please
any one. We have been at too much ex-
pense of bread and butter in supporting ex-
istence, to think of laying it down upon such
grounds. There was a time when our heart
was visited with continual gusts of excite-
ment, and was swayed and shaken by the
little god like a storm-stricken reed. We
saw so many bewitching but adorning wo-
men, that we were perpetually blubbing and
rubbing our eyes, till finally our imagination
became so diseased that we could hardly get
along without a daily dish of melancholy.
But time has cleansed our stuffed bosom of
the perilous stuff that weighed upon it, and,
in the course of years, our heart has become
so knotty and tough, that we cannot help
thinking that it would be a hard matter to
break it another time. We don't mean to
go off life's hooks for love, at any rate. We
have been pretty near it thirteen of fourteen
times, but thanks to our unyielding obstina-
cy, we always managed to keep death's
skinny fingers from clutching us, and des-
pair from the sanctuary of our thoughts.—
We should deem it hard enough, gracious
knows, to perish for the sake of a girl who
really loved us; but for one who did not, we
should hate to suffer one choking sensation
about the neck or to lose a single good din-
ner. We once heard of a man, who, feel-
ing one day some very distressing sensations,
fancied he was the victim of the tender sen-

timent, but who afterwards discovered that
his complaint arose from having eaten too
plentifully of roast turkey at dinner. This
was a shocking fall from the parlor window of
romance into the back yard of common sense
and every day life; but he died, got better,
and was soon afterwards smitten by the ro-
mantic eyes of a dear creature of sixteen,
when he married. Despair not, therefore,
about seeming victims of the blind god, thy
case may have the same result. But though
it be really up hill work with you to gain the
ear of beauty, let not the cold sit on your
brow, let not the canker sink into your heart.
Look up, laugh loud, talk big, call the grapes
sour; keep the color in your cheek, and the
fire in your eye, maintain your beauty, ban-
ish the blue devils, adorn your person more
resplendently than ever, from the elaborately
curled whisker to the delicately pointed boot,
and you will yet have an eye to cheer you,
a hand to guide you, and a beam to lean
on. Them's our remarks on the subject.
[Yankee Blade.

DEATH OF A DEBTOR.

BY "BOZ."

The turnkey led the way in silence, and
gently raising the latch of the room door,
motioned to Mr. Pickwick to enter. It was
a large, bare, desolate room, with a number
of stumpy bedsteads made of iron, on one of
which lay the shadow of a man, wan, pale
and ghastly. His breathing was hard and
thick, and he moaned painfully as it came
and went. At the bedside sat a short old
man in a cobler's apron, who, by the aid of
a pair of horn spectacles, was reading from
the Bible aloud. It was the fortunate lega-
tee. The sick man laid his hand on his at-
tendants and motioned him to stop. He
closed the book and laid it on the bed. "O-
pen the window," said the sick man. He
did so. The noise of carriages and carts,
the rattle of wheels, the cries of men and
boys—all the busy sounds of a mighty multi-
tude insistent with life and occupation blend-
ed into one deep murmur, floated into the
room. Above the loud hum rose from time
to time a boisterous laugh, or a scrap of a
song, shouted forth by one of the giddy
crowd, would strike upon the ear for an in-
stant, and then be lost amid the roar of voices
and the tramp of footsteps—the breaking of
the billows of the restless sea of life that
rolled heavily on without. These are mel-
ancholy sounds to a quiet listener at any
time, but how melancholy to a watcher by
the bed of death! "There is no air here,"
said the sick man, faintly. "The place po-
lutes it—it was fresh around about where I
walked three weeks ago, but it grows hot
and heavy in passing these walls—I cannot
breathe it."

"We have breathed it together a long
time," said the man. "Come, come!"

There was a short silence, during which
the spectators approached the bed. The
sick man drew the hand of his fellow prison-
er towards him, and pressing it affectionately
between both his own, retained it in his
grasp. "I hope," he gasped, after a while,
so faintly that they bent their ears close over
the bed to catch the half formed sounds his
cold, blue lips gave vent to—"I hope my
merciful Judge will bear in mind my heavy
punishment on earth. Twenty years, my
friend, twenty years in this hideous grave.
My heart broke when my child died, and I
did not even kiss him in his little coffin. My
loneliness since then in all this noise and
riot has been very dreadful. My God for-
give me! He has seen my solitary, linger-
ing death!" He folded his hands, and mur-
muring something more they could not hear
he fell into a sleep—only a sleep at first, for
they saw him smile. They whispered to-
gether for a little time, and the turnkey stoop-
ing over the pillow drew hastily back. "He
has got his discharge," said the man. He
had! But he had grown so like death in life
that they knew not when he died.

Thiers, the great ex-minister, seven years
before the last revolution in France, was a
poor boy at the office of the Constitutional.
He afterwards supplied the editor's chair,
led on the popular mind to revolt, and finally
contributed to send Louis Philippe on the
throne of Charles X. He is one of the
best writers his country has produced, and
his great work, "The History of the French
Revolution," was written while he was en-
gaged in the daily discharge of multifarious
duties which would have utterly appalled
most of our minds.

Mystery and Death.—The New York
Evening Post says:

"We understand that twelve dead bodies
have been received from the dead house in
the Park, this morning. Six of them were
men who have been found dead in various
parts of the city since Saturday night; the
remainder were children."

The Newspaper.—What a pleasant thing
is a newspaper! What an agreeable asso-
ciation its name calls up! Fraught with all
the intelligence of the day, it greets us at
our breakfast meal or at our evening's repast;
and we can over, at a glance, the little plea-
sures and pains, the hopes and fears, the am-
usements and follies of a gay and idle
world. Here, too, we trace the ambition,
the contending passion of men in and out of
power; here we mark the restless anxiety of
the slaves of gain—the man-uvres of thou-
sands to make money, and the thousand lures
held out to spend it. The politician reads
the debates in Congress; the merchant the
last prices of the markets; the broker the
rise and fall of stocks; the news-monger the
gossip of the day; and last, not least, the la-
dies—bless such readers, say we—they look
at the poet's corner, the marriages and deaths,
and where the latest fashions are found. And
the editor, what is he doing the while?—
Why, he still goes on concocting, and is
racking his brain to supply this common
feast of reading, studying to suit all tastes
and all palates. With his professional clip-
ping machine in hand he cuts from the im-
mense stock of his materials pouring in upon
him from all quarters, and gives in a short
column or two the sum and substance of
what's going on in the world. What a ben-
efactor is an editor! What a treasure is a
newspaper! How well the poet sings—we
love to repeat his verses:

To this all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a Paper, who abhor a book!
Those who ne'er designed their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their news;
Sinners and saints, the wisest and the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek;
This like the public inn, provides a treat,
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat,
And such this mental food, as we may call,
Something to all men, and to some men all.

Thomas Paine was born at Teetford, Eng-
land, in January, 1737. Of obscure origin
and poor parentage he was forced like many
other daring spirits, to become the artisan of
his own fortunes. Mr. Vale relates that he
was successively a stay-maker, sailor, cus-
tom-house officer, and tradesman. In 1744,
after a failure in business, ruined in purse,
depressed in spirit, he sought the more con-
genial shores of America, bearing with him
letters of recommendation from the learned
Dr. Franklin. Shortly after his arrival the
revolution broke out with all its fierceness.
He then first appeared in the field, with his
celebrated "Crisis," a publication admitted
by all to have effected much toward our po-
litical emancipation. Before the revolution
opened in France, he sailed for that country,
and during its progress printed his famous
"Rights of Man," for which offence he was
tried by the despotic crown of Great Britain.
Paine was elected about this period by the
constituency of Calais to represent them in
the national assembly at Paris. During the
excesses which unfortunately characterised
the close of the revolution, he was removed
and imprisoned. By mere accident he es-
caped the bloody guillotine of Robespierre.
After the revolution he returned to America,
where he died on the 8th of June, 1809.

A Revolutionary Veteran.—Colonel Jno.
M. Taylor died in this city on Wednesday,
at the advanced age of 92 years. His death
announced as usual in the newspapers, prob-
ably, attracted as little notice as the man-
ny records of similar events. It deserves
more than this, however. Though the lat-
ter years of Colonel Taylor were passed in
the retirement of social life, in the prime of
his manhood he rendered distinguished ser-
vices to his country. At the siege of Que-
bec, in the year 1775, he discharged with
faithfulness and activity the very arduous du-
ties of Commissary of the American army
under General Montgomery, during the
whole period that army lay before Quebec.
Colonel Taylor continued in the service and
in the Commissary Department, till the year
1779, was always considered an upright
man and a meritorious officer. The unob-
trusive character and retired habits of Col-
onel Taylor, after quitting public life, should
not erase the memory of his services. His
name should be recorded among those of the
venerated ones, to whose virtuous struggles
and determined energies this country owes
her independence.—Phil. Sat. Cour.

Nine Tailors make a Man.—In the year
1742, an orphan beggar boy applied for alms
at a fashionable tailor shop in London, in
which nine journeymen were employed.—
His interesting appearance opened the heart
of the benevolent tailors, who immediately
contributed nine shillings for the relief of
the little stranger. With this capital, our
hero purchased fruit which he retailed at a
profit. From this beginning he rose to
great wealth and distinction, and when he
set up his carriage, he had painted on the
panel, "nine tailors made me a man."